

WAGEE RANGES



50 YEARS THE LEADERS

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OLD MYSTERY REVIVED

Stewart's Dead Body Was Returned

BY THIEVES WHO STOLE IT

Former Employee of Millionaire Throws Light on Ghoul's Mystery—Robert Caldwell's Connection With the Case.

New York, Nov. 11.—Investigation into the American career of Robert Caldwell of Staten Island, whose testimony regarding the identity of the late Duke of Portland with T. O. Drue, a London shopkeeper, has stirred England and America, resulted today in the discovery by a reporter of the first bit of what might be considered tangible evidence that the body of A. T. Stewart was actually returned to his family by the thieves who stole it from St. Mark's cemetery 29 years and four days ago.

Incidentally, the investigation threw a little light on Caldwell's relations with Mr. Stewart and Judge Hillson that does not tend to enhance credence that might have been placed in his affidavits relating to the Stewart estate.

John Gallaher, a travelling salesman for the handkerchief manufacturing firm of John C. Gallaher & Co. of this city, believes he is the man who received the body of Mr. Stewart when it was sent back to Judge Hillson by the ghouls. In support of that belief he related Saturday a circumstantial story that nearer than any statement heretofore made public to solving the mystery that has remained unsolved since Nov. 6, 1878.

Mr. Gallaher was an employee of A. T. Stewart & Co. from 1865 until 1882, and in that capacity was constantly in contact with Robert Caldwell, "the great American affidavit maker." Caldwell was a book-keeper in charge of one of the merchandise ledgers and, according to Mr. Gallaher's statements, enjoyed no more intimate relation with the head of the firm or with Judge Hillson than any porter or clerk in the store.

For 10 years after the body was stolen there were reports that it had been returned and denied from the family and executed.

There is ground for belief that Mrs. Stewart always knew that her husband's body had been returned but from anyone who saw the body or had any definite knowledge of its return there has never before been any public statement. This is Mr. Gallaher's statement:

"One morning, I think in the spring following the stealing at Broadway and Chambers street, Judge Hillson, who was constantly at the store, informed me that a case would arrive that morning by National express, and that as soon as it came I was to send it down to the vault, where the firm's books were kept and notify him."

"When the wagon of the National express company drove up, and the driver unloaded on the sidewalk a wooden case about 6½ feet long and from 3½ to 4 feet in each of the other dimensions, as nearly as I can recollect, I noticed that it was very heavy—plenty heavy enough to have contained the body of a man in a coffin in a metal casket."

"I had one of the porters put the case on a truck and wheel it to the door of the vault, and went personally to Judge Hillson and told him the case had arrived. He personally came to the vault door and unlocked it and superintended the placing of the case in the vault, with the books and papers of the firm."

"What struck me as peculiar was that there were no marks on the case to indicate from whence it had come, and that the driver left without asking to sign a receipt for it. Reports had been in circulation that the body had been shipped to Montreal as soon as it was stolen. The fact that the box was returned by the National express company made me believe the above rumor true, as this was the only express company at that time operating in that section."

"A few months later the box was taken out and shipped to the Long Island express. That confirmed my belief that it was Mr. Stewart's body, for they were then just building the cathedral at Garden City, where it was intended his body should lie."

"The child is healthy in appearance and in all respects a normal child. The fact that the child was alive is regarded by the physician as the really remarkable feature of the case."

Mrs. Massie, who was 30 years of age and whose husband is employed in the mills here, was sick three days with congestion of the lungs. She passed away last night at 9 o'clock. Dr. Demeroux, who had been treating her, decided to operate and the child was brought into the world.

Dr. Demeroux said last night: "In the last 20 years I have seen three other cases like this, but the children, while alive at birth, never lived more than 10 minutes afterward. The last case to occur was about a year ago."

"This child," continued the physician, "gives excellent promise of living. The heart action of children born under similar conditions has been weak and fluttering and soon after birth, ceased altogether. This child was the exception."

BAD NEWS FOR TAFT.

Cannot Have New York Delegation to Republican Convention.

New York, Nov. 11.—Within a week President Roosevelt will be informed that the New York delegation to the Republican national convention of 1908, several persons who have a petition to be infinitely informed upon this subject will convey the message to the President.

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A food to smile on—
A food to sing on—

Energy and good-nature in every package.

The most nutritious wheat food.

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MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Feeding The Pacific Squadron.

The Navy Department has undertaken catering on a magnificent scale. In the current issue of Harper's Weekly (November 9), Charles A. Sidman gives many interesting figures to show the magnitude of the Department's contract in arranging to feed the battleship squadron which sails for the Pacific in December. The size of the task is evident when it is noted that each of the sixteen battleships in the squadron has a complement of about 30 officers and 800 men, and each of the six torpedo boats 6 officers and 70 men, making a grand total of more than 13,700 men to be fed for five months. They will require 6,500,000 pounds of provisions, including 1,200,000 pounds of spring wheat flour, 30,000 pounds of oatmeal, or, when served to the men, called "burgoo," 61,000 pounds of yellow corn meal, 25,000 pounds of cocoa, 20,000 pounds of grapes, about 475,000 pounds of canned peaches and other canned fruit, 1,000,000 pounds of fresh beef, 100,000 pounds of mutton, 150,000 pounds of ham, 15,000 pounds of real, 10,000,000 pounds of sausages, 30,000 gallons of beans, 250,000 pounds of canned string beans, 30,000 pounds of sauerkraut, 100,000 pounds of onions, and 800,000 pounds of potatoes.

"Lincoln Back There in '58."

In the November American Magazine Ida M. Tarbell tells another "He Knew Lincoln" story. The man who knew Lincoln was a druggist in Springfield, Ill. Here is his account of one important event as recorded by Miss Tarbell: "You remember what the Kansas-Nebraska bill was don't you?—let Kansas and Nebraska in as territories and the same time repealed the Missouri Compromise keeping slavery out of that part of the country, let the people have it or not, just as they wanted. You don't know how that bill stirred up Mr. Lincoln. I'll never forget how he took his passin' 'Twas long back in the spring of '54. Lot of them was sittin' in here 'tillin' stories and Mr. Lincoln was right in the middle of one when he bounced Billy Herndon—he was Lincoln's law partner, you know. His eyes was blazin' and he calls out: 'They've done it boys. They've done it. They've upset the Missouri Compromise. The Kansas-Nebraska bill is passed.'"

"For a minute everybody was still as death—everybody but me. 'Hurray!' I calls out. 'You can bet on Little Dog every time for I was a Democrat and harbin' George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, I thought Douglas was the

The Current "Harper's Weekly."

The current issue of Harper's Weekly dated November 2 is a special automobile number. Its size has been increased to fifty-six pages, and in addition to the usual contents of general interest, there are numerous features of particular appeal to those who are interested in motors and motoring. Marius C. Krapf contributes an article of striking character, discussing "The Domestication of the Automobile" with reference to the facts of a remarkable architectural movement of vital importance to owners of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the country for those painful ailments peculiar to women.

For more than 30 years it has been curing Female Complaints, such as Inflammation, and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, Backache, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Records show 300,000 cases have been cured of Female Ills than any other remedy known.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage of development. Degrading Sensations causing pain, weight, and headache are relieved and permanently cured by its use.

It corrects Irregularities or Painful Functions, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility; also, Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "Don't care and want to be left alone" feeling, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Flatulency, Melancholia or the "Blues." These are sure indications of female weakness or some organic derangement.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most excellent remedy.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. She is a woman who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Thus she is well qualified to guide sick women back to health. Her advice is free and always helpful.

biggest man God ever made. Didn't know no more what that bill meant than that Tom-eat in the window. "Hurray!" I says, and then I happened to look at Mr. Lincoln.

"He was all in a heap, his head dropped down on his breast, and there he set and never spoke, and then after a long time he got up and went. Never finished that story, never said 'Good-bye, boys,' like he always did. Good-bye, notice of nothing, just went out his face gray and stern, and his eyes not seeing at all."

Lincoln's "Fearful Burden."

The most eventful chapter of Carl Schurz' "Reminiscences of a Long Life" is the installment in the November McClure's, which ends the present series. This is a rehearsal of the great tragedy of American history by one of the chief actors. In 1860, when Lincoln's renomination was the vital question of the hour, General Schurz decided to "go on the stump" for the president. Lincoln's party was opposed to him and the popular temper toward him was discouraging. It was during this time of extreme general depression that General Schurz spent an evening alone with the president.

"He spoke as if he felt a pressing need to ease his heart by giving voice to the sorrowful thoughts distressing him. He would not complain of the fearful burden of care and responsibility put upon his shoulders. Nobody knew the weight of the burden save himself. But it was necessary, as he was so right, to lighten the burden of the rest of his motives." They urge me with almost virulent language," he said, "to withdraw from the contest, although I have been unanimously nominated, in order to make room for a better man. I wish I could. Perhaps some other man might do this business better than I. That is possible. I do not deny it. But I am here, and that better man is not here. And if I should step aside to make room for him, it is not at all sure—perhaps not even probable—that he would get here."

There are pictures of other men of the time, an especially delightful one is that of the high-strung, quick-tempered, outspoken, generous General Sherman.

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WATER IN GRANITE.

Supplies There Secured Are Among the Best for All Purposes.

The very general belief that wells sunk in granite will get no water appears not unreasonable when we consider that granite is the hardest of rocks and that its surface outcrops are as a rule so free from pores or crevices through which water might circulate that the expectation of finding water by drilling would seem absurd. Within the last few years, however, the many successful wells drilled in crystalline rocks have effectively proved the erroneous character of the old opinion.

The conditions controlling occurrence of water in crystalline rocks have recently been studied by E. E. Ellis in connection with an extensive investigation of the underground waters of Connecticut, and by Frederick G. Clapp, geologist, and by Frederick G. Clapp, whose field of work has been Maine. A brief article by Mr. Ellis was published by the United States geological survey in water-supply paper No. 100. Mr. Clapp's detailed report is still in manuscript, but will be published in a few months. The following paragraphs summarize his results so far as they relate to waters in granite.

The crystalline rocks, such as granite, gneiss, schists, etc., like the sedimentary shales, limestones, and sandstones, carry water in their pores—the microscopic spaces between the grains of solid matter; but while the sedimentary rocks may absorb several per cent. of their volume in water—sandstones are usually 10 to 20 per cent., limestones 5 per cent., and shales 4 per cent.—granites and other crystalline rocks rarely absorb water to more than one-half of 1 per cent. of their volume, and the water in such rocks moves through the pores so slowly that it can never escape. Fortunately, however, the crystalline rocks are traversed in various directions by many joints and crevices. An investigation of these joints shows two principal systems, one of which is nearly vertical and the other horizontal. The vertical joints, which may be hundreds of feet in length, while not at all regularly spaced, are usually 10 to 20 feet apart, trend in all directions, and are inclined to the vertical at any angle up to 30 degrees. The distance between the horizontal or sheet joints, which approximately parallel the surface, varies from a few inches near the surface to many feet at a depth of several hundred feet.

The nearly vertical joints serve as channels for the admission of water from the surface, while the sheet joints form reservoirs for its storage. As most of the joints are rather narrow, the amount of contained water is likely to be moderate, and the yield of wells in granite is seldom more than 10 gallons a minute, though some exceptional wells, pumped by steam, have yielded as much as 30 gallons a minute. Out of 72 successful wells in southern Maine, only two yielded more than 50 gallons a minute.

The extreme irregularity of the joint systems makes the securing of any well in granite a matter of chance. Of two wells drilled within 50 feet of each other, one may be a failure, the other a marked success. Records collected in southern Maine indicate that about 87 per cent. of the wells drilled in granite supply water enough for ordinary domestic uses.

The depth to which drilling should be carried in granite, as indicated by the investigations made both in Maine and Connecticut, has a maximum limit of about 200 feet, below which the chances of success diminish rapidly. Mr. Clapp's records show that out of 47 wells reaching the principal water-bearing zone, or more than one-third, found it within 50 feet of the surface; 10 more, or over one-half of the remainder, reached it within 100 feet of the surface; 7, or exactly half of the wells more than 100 feet deep, tapped their principal supply between 150 and 200 feet; and only 4, or 50 per cent. of the entire number of recorded wells in granite over 200 feet deep, obtained it from lower depths.

Granite water, where not contaminated by surface drainage, is excellent for drinking and is probably satisfactory for all other uses ordinarily made of water.

As to the cost, which is necessarily an important factor in the sinking of wells, the price for drilling six-inch wells in granite on the coast of Maine ranges from \$4 to \$6 a foot, the higher figure being the more common. The cost of drilling granite wells and blasting open the wells in the same rock is in some sections of Maine the same for either type, \$6 a foot. Its freedom from the danger of pollution, common to all open wells, makes the drilled well in every case preferable.

KILLED WOMAN THAT HE LOVED.

Former Boston Tailor Shoots Another Man's Wife.

New York, Nov. 11.—Maddened because his attentions were spurned, Joseph Schmutz, without a word of warning, shot and instantly killed Mrs. Dorah Stievel, a comely young woman, in her home, Williamsburg, Saturday morning, as her two children looked on. In the Vernon avenue police station, where he was taken after a running fight with his pursuers, Schmutz refused to say a word or to express any contrition for his act.

Schmutz became enamored of the woman some years ago when her husband, Isador, and he were in business together in Boston. So ardent did his attentions then become that, in order to save his wife further annoyance, Stievel dissolved the partnership and left Boston, not disclosing their destination to Schmutz.

BOOTH BELIEVES IN AFFINITIES.

Salvation Army Leader Also Favors Divorces for Women.

New York, Nov. 11.—In an interview given by General William Booth before sailing for Europe yesterday, the venerable Salvation Army leader said he believes in affinities and also favors divorces, but for women only.

"Men are worse than women, because men should direct the family. I don't mean that women are not the equals of men; far from it. In many respects they are superior."

"Certainly I believe in affinities, but men and women should be sure they have the right one before they marry. That is the solution. The Bible seems to authorize divorce for certain causes. I believe personally that many women are entitled to divorces, but I doubt if men should have them."

Argo Red Salmon can be prepared in nearly a hundred different ways. It is one of the most nutritious and healthful foods sold. At all grocers.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

...Leading a Lamb...

(Original.)

"It makes me tired," said Aunt Lavinia, "to see you girls going about wastin' your time when you should be gettin' husbands. What y' goin' to do when y' get forty or fifty years old and no homes? It's well enough 's long's y'r young, but you forget that your youth 'n' good looks is given y' for a purpose 'n' that purpose is to get married."

"But, Aunt Lavinia," said a pouting miss of eighteen, "we can't ask the men to marry us. And sometimes a fellow 'll hang about a girl for a long while, keepin' other fellows away and never ask her. There's Ben Pither been devoted to Lucy Somers ever since a year ago last January, and they're not engaged yet."

"Pshaw! Lucy hasn't got any ingenuity. Do you suppose a young man's going to make up his mind to give up his independence and assume the cares of matrimony all by himself. He knows he's standin' over a cold water bath and has to be pushed in. I'll tell you about a case I knew of once. There was a young man named Jake—never mind his other name—who was devotin' himself to a girl called Ruth. He asked her to go to all the parties and shows and such things with him and looked sour as vinegar if she went to any of 'em with anybody else. Sometimes he'd hint around about matrimony bein' a serious matter and shouldn't be entered without countin' the cost. Then he'd say he was awfraid he'd never have a wife 'n' a home because they cost so much money. The girl couldn't say anything against this idea, so she just agreed with him and told him that if she married she supposed she'd have to marry some one that was doin' well, whether she liked him or not."

"So it went on from month to month till Ruth got mighty tired of it. She just gave Jake the cold shoulder for awhile. Then one day she went into the store—Jake was clerking for the proprietor—and asked for some white silk. The proprietor waited on her and showed her lots o' pieces, but they weren't any of 'em good enough for her till they came to the finest piece in the store. She told him to cut her a sample of it and asked him how much he calculated it would take to make her a dress."

"With a train?" he asked.

"Yes, a long train—long as a comet's tail."

"Trimmed with orange blossoms?"

"Yes, I may as well own that it's to be trimmed with orange blossoms, but I don't want you to say anything about it. Got any stuff for a veil?"

"He showed her some veiling, and she took a sample of that, and then she went away."

"She hadn't any sooner got out of the store than the proprietor called Jake, who had been waitin' on a customer at the other end, where they sold the groceries, and congratulated him on being engaged. Jake said he wasn't engaged, and then his employer told him that he must 'n' lost his girl, 'cause she'd been in to buy a wedding dress. Jake he turned white as a cloth and like to fell in a fit."

"That night he went over to see Ruth just 's soon as the store was shut up. He was expectin' her and was ready for him. She sent word by her mother that she wasn't feelin' very well and she'd like to be excused. Jake, nearly beside himself, sent a beggin' message that she'd come down for one moment, as he had something very particular to say to her. She knew well enough what it was, but she wasn't in a hurry to come down, so he sent word that she was very busy sewin' and couldn't be called none other time? At the word sewin' Jake caught at the word and he came down long enough for him to say half a dozen words or

bother her any more.

"She scattered a lot o' threads over her dress, put a thimble on her finger and went down, lookin' for all the world 's if she was workin' night and day on a trousseau. When Jake saw her he almost cried."

"Ruth," he says, "you've treated me shamefully, dishonestly, received my attentions all this time and then—"

"Laws 'a' mercy," says Ruth, "I didn't think you meant anything."

"Not mean anything?"

"No, I thought we was just good friends."

"And you've gone and throwed me over for that misable feller that nobody in this town considers fit for y'?"

"Ruth she didn't know who he was talkin' about, for there wasn't any other feller in the case except Jake. But she didn't calculate to say any more just then, so she just looked sorry."

"How could you do it?" asked Jake.

"I didn't know you cared."

"Cared? Of course I cared. I've loved you all the time since we first met and have wanted you myself."

"Marriage is expensive," says Ruth.

"Marriage without love is expensive, but when two people love their union is worth a gold mine."

"Why didn't you talk that way a spell ago?"

"I was thinkin' that—I was a makin' up my mind."

A portiere was drawn aside suddenly and a man's face appeared.

"Hello, Uncle Jake," cried a chorus of young voices.

"Telling that yarn again?" he said, smiling.

"Why, Aunt Lavinia, I thought you said her name was Ruth."

"So it was. I dropped the Ruth when I married your niece."

LORENE C. ADAMS.

Bear to Eat.

Capt. Biglow of Yale was talking about applicant for the football team. "He will never make a football player," said Capt. Biglow. "He is as different from a football player as a bottle of brown fluid I beheld last summer was different from beer."

"A man with a motor cycle stopped at a mountain inn where I was lanching one sultry afternoon and asked for a bottle of beer. The landlord looked from a sunny shelf a bottle hung with cobwebs. He dusted it and set it before the cyclist with a flourish."

"You'll find this the best Milwaukee, sir," he said.

The cyclist opened the bottle, poured a little into a glass and frowned.

"Landlord," he said, "this is very thick and muddy beer."

"The landlord lifted the glass and looked at it. He tilted it from side to side. It was so thick and muddy that it would scarcely spill."

"It's the thunder," he muttered. It's the thunder that has done this."

"Well, thunder or no thunder, I can't drink it," said the motor cyclist. But I'll tell you what you might do for me, and I'll eat it on my way home."

—Washington Star.

He Talked Too Much.

In a certain village of New Hampshire there is a quaint old character known as Boss Mellin keenly alive to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." Mellin g. In this respect approaches genius, though he was fully aware of what he deemed his shortcomings there-in.

Mellin used to make mattresses for a living. One day a native of the place entered his shop and asked, "Boss, what's the best kind of a mattress?"

"Hunks," was the laconic response of Boss.

Twenty years later, so runs the tradition, the same man again entered the shop and again asked, what, in the opinion of Mellin, was the best kind of a mattress.

"Straw," said Boss.

"Boss Mellin emitted a sigh. 'I've always ruined myself by talkin',' said he.—Harper's Weekly.